

A PIKACHU IN LOVE

A Pokemon Johto League Anime Fanfiction written by Golem-Gojira

Originally hosted on „The Pokemon Tower“

This file contains all 3 Parts of this fic

- **Part 1** **page 2**
- **Part 2** **page 14**
- **Part 3** **page 29**
- **Afterword by Golem-Gojira** **page 44**
- **Extra note by CastellanoZero** **page 44**

[Golem-Gojira's Pokemon Tower page](#)

Ebook/PDF-File created by [CastellanoZero](#) on Monday, 27. Dezember 2021

A PIKACHU IN LOVE Part 1

It was a cold night in the woods of Johto. The trees shivered along with the fleshly things as the chilly breezes whistled by and nipped at it with icy fingers. The moon was being passed by gray clouds and misty vapors, and in the song of the air a Noctowl or Hoot-Hoot could be heard joining in to the melody.

It had been a long day for Pokemon trainer Ash Ketchum and his friends. The battles they had been in with both Team Rocket and fellow trainers alike were tiring them out, and they needed a vacation from all the stress. Traveling through the woods they had come upon a lovely area of woods and forest land that would allow them a short cut to the next city, and for Ash, the next Johto League Gym.

The humans and their Pokemon friends made camp around a brightly burning, courtesy of Ash's Cyndaquil. All of the Pokemon had been released from their confinements, including Brock's assortment, so the three teens and their sixteen Pokemon friends encircled the fire and had a late-night supper. The food as normal was provided by Chef Brock, and tonight he had given them a special treat of sub sandwiches loaded with greens and white meat.

Misty pinched off little bits of bread and lettuce for Togepi, and the baby egg Pokemon gulped them eagerly, sitting besides its best friend and protector Pikachu.

The yellow mouse Pokemon had been the first Ash ever acquired, and as such he was the most powerful in terms of level and experience to all of Ash's team. He didn't look that tough and was not horribly intimidating at a height of two feet with his cute shining black eyes, but beneath the fur and the long pointed ears he could power half a city with the voltage from his electric-charged cheeks.

It was the greatest joy of Pikachu's short life being with Ash and his friends. There were few Pokemon who could say to have the amazing adventures and experiences that this Pokemon did. He had traveled the world, had seen amazing secrets of the Pokemon universe and even witnessed some of the rarest Pokemon ever to exist.

But above all that he had a loving trainer who was his best pal in the world. That was the best part of all. As Pikachu sat on a little log with Togepi, hastily eating the sandwich given him by Brock, he looked at Ash on the other side of the fire. The teenage human was surrounded by admirers. Bayleef nestled next to him on his right and Misty sat on his left.

The boy and the girl were laughing at something Misty had said in jest, and they didn't stop. Even some of the Pokemon joined in laughing. It was that contagious.

It warmed Pikachu's little heart to see them all having such fun, for the last few days had been far too tiresome. Ash had been training hard to prepare himself for the next gym, and had challenged nearly every trainer they met along the road.

That meant Pikachu's exercise had increased drastically from what he had grown used to, and he had to stretch some muscles that had been dormant for too long. Pikachu remembered that he had fought a Marill, a Venomoth, a Drowzee and an Aipom all in the same hour. It had been hard, but Ash lovingly pushed him on and with some effort the yellow Pokemon was able to muster enough strength to win for his Trainer.

That was one thing Pikachu liked about Ash. He was much more than a friend; he was almost a brother and a parent at the same time. He was there for his pal whenever Pikachu needed him, and he was able to give him guidance and encouragement like a father.

When he was younger, Pikachu felt that he needed no one, that he could take care of every little thing life threw at him no matter what. But meeting Ash and discovering how dangerous the world was showed him why he needed someone to lean on, turn to in trouble and depend on when he was weak.

But also Ash respected his Pikachu. When the mouse had expressed the desire not to be transformed into a Raichu Ash heeded that wish and did not force him to. Their relationship was so close Pikachu knew that if he could actually talk to Ash he could trust him with anything. But as it stood he was content just to stand on the sidelines and watch the relationship between Ash, Misty and Brock grow. They were all becoming closer as well. Misty and Ash hardly ever argued anymore, and Brock was more and more becoming a part of Ash and Misty's hearts like the family he was.

It was nice to see, but it made Pikachu a little sad.

As much as he tried he could not be on the same level as the humans. They conversed, shared their thoughts and hearts in spoken word and by other things. Pikachu could only speak his own name, or variations thereof, and was very limited in what he could express to them.

As much as he loved the people, Pikachu wanted more in a friendship. He got along splendidly with Ash's other Pokemon, but they tended not to chat with him as much. There was always a lingering split between Pikachu and the other Pokemon because they all were well aware that he was Ash's favorite. This made poor Pikachu the equivalent of a "teacher's pet".

Probably the best Pokemon friend he had was Togepi, but it was still but a baby, and that made their friendship more of a big brother little brother one.

Pikachu sighed, looking up into the night full of swirling rays and twinkling stars. It was a beautiful night, but he just didn't feel happy enough to enjoy it.

As supper finished up Ash announced, "Okay everyone, time for bed! We can have more fun tomorrow. We'll hang around in the forest for a few more days yet so you all can rest. You've all been working really hard and I'm proud of you."

The other five Pokemon on Ash's team nodded and cheered for the break, then obediently returned to their warm comfortable Poke-Balls. Pikachu had not been in a Poke-Ball since he had been given to Ash, and he did not intend to do it again as long as he lived. He was horribly claustrophobic, and just wanted to be free. So instead as Ash set out his sleeping bag Pikachu curled on the free side of his pillow and tried to make himself comfortable.

Soon there was a line of three sleeping bags, Ash in the middle with Misty and Brock on either side. Misty let her hair down and yawned.

"I hope there are some good motels coming up," she sighed. "My back's going to need chiropractic care after a week in the woods." Suddenly they heard a strange screeching noise of some Pokemon in the woods and Misty squealed, hiding deep within her sleeping bag. Her muffled voice came through the bag and said in a little frightened voice, "Good night guys. Make sure one of you stays up and keeps the creepy forest Pokemon away from me."

Ash chuckled. "Okay. We'll keep her safe, won't we Pikachu?"

The yellow mouse smiled and twitched his ears. "Pi, Pikachu."

With that the people went off to sleep, and since Togepi was in the sleeping bag with Misty Pikachu for once didn't concern himself to look after the infant. Yet he could not sleep. He looked up at the stars, and they reflected in his black eyes. Something just felt...different. Something was keeping Pikachu awake and would not allow him to drift off.

As he pondered this the mouse suddenly caught a scent, coming from somewhere in the woods. It was faint, but very familiar. The scent kept nagging at him, so Pikachu decided it would do no harm to go and explore for a moment. Ash was asleep, so what his trainer didn't know wouldn't kill him.

Pikachu knew that he could take care of himself if anything came up. He was trained well, and was in full control of his powers. Looking over his little shoulder to assure Ash really was snoozing Pikachu silently scurried off into the trees, following his nose like a toucan.

The Pokemon whisked through the trees and bushes with barely a rustle of the leaves, all the while the scent grew stronger. Pikachu had an incredible sense of smell, but for the most part he ignored it because it was some Pokemon species he was all too familiar with. But this scent was odd...like a memory that you could not pull out clearly, but you knew it was there and that it was important.

He ran into a little clearing, ringed with ancient cedar trees that were filled with Caterpie, Kakuna, Spinarak and other bug species. These were of no concern, and were not what he was after. Pikachu saw a little dirt path ahead leading to a rise in the forest, and he decided that to be the way he needed to go. He was getting anxious, so Pikachu used his Agility attack to run even faster and he was up the rise before a blink could be completed.

When he reached the top, Pikachu saw that the path led to a rocky cliff overlooking almost all of the forest, far reaching for miles and miles, and off in the distance he could see the twinkling lights of the nearest city. Berry bushes lined the cliff, and as Pikachu listened he heard one of them rustling.

The mouse tensed up, not knowing what to expect as a form began stepping out from it.

With a shock greater than any of his electric attacks Pikachu saw as a small yellow creature emerged, chewing on some of the berries. When the creature saw Pikachu it gasped and dropped its food.

The two Pokemon stood there looking at each other, silent as stone, not moving a muscle as they gazed. What Pikachu saw was another Pikachu, perhaps a little smaller than he with big blue eyes and little eyelashes. A pretty sky blue bow was attached to one of its ears, and it had bright pink cheeks.

It was what Pikachu had sensed. The familiar scents were from this fellow member of his Pokemon species, only this Pokemon was a female.

Finally Pikachu gathered some courage and spoke in his normal sweet manner.

<"Hi there. I didn't scare you, did I?">

The girl Pikachu blinked a couple times before she made an answer. Her little voice was so high and cute it sounded like a newborn baby. <"Um, no, you didn't scare me. Who are you? Where did you come from? I didn't think there were any other of our kind around here."

<"Not that I know of,"> Pikachu answered. He was nervous and could not think of what to say. It wasn't often he ran into a friendly Pikachu here in the Johto region. <"Do you have a trainer?>" That was a good enough place to start.

The female smiled. <"Oh, yes, yes I do. Her name's Faith. She's a wonderful person, and I just love her."> She reached out a little paw for Pikachu to shake. <"I'm Pichi. What's your nickname?">

Pikachu took her paw, but he looked a little unsure how to answer that question. <"Uh, my trainer never gave me a nick-name. He thought Pikachu was just fine, so I guess just call me that.">

Pichi smiled and looked in thought. <"Hmmm, I think I could give you a better one. How about Picha? No, wait, Thunder-Mouse. Sound good?"> She giggled and picked another berry off of the bushes. <"These just ripened, and they're really good! You want one?">

Pikachu smiled and accepted. This "Pichi" was a very friendly type, and good company was hard to come by with Pokemon on the road so he thanked her and ate. The berries were very good, and he could feel them strengthening him with their nutritious juices. Pichi took a seat on the edge of the cliff and gestured for Pikachu to do the same.

Swallowing his berry Pikachu sat and looked out over the forest. "< So where is your trainer?>" Pikachu inquired.

The girl pointed down below into the woods. "< She and her traveling friend set up camp down there. I just needed some fresh air, so I wandered around for a while and found this great grove of Berry bushes. Faith is wonderful, but she doesn't give me enough berries. I like them! So what about your trainer?>">

Pikachu pointed in the opposite direction from where Pichi had. "<He and his friends are over there. So do you like your trainer?>"

"<Oh yes,>" she answered. "She's very nice, but I really don't like to fight that much. I'd just rather stay cozy and look pretty for her than get beat up in Pokemon Battles. Don't you think those competitions are silly? >"

"<No, actually,>" Pikachu said honestly. "< If I didn't train and wasn't as strong as my trainer made me than I couldn't handle dangerous situations as easily. It comes in handy to be strong and know your powers. It's saved my trainer's life on one or two occasions.>"

This interested Pichi. "<Oh, really? That's funny, you don't look that tough."

Pikachu raised an eyebrow. His pride demanded she think otherwise. "<Hey, I've taken down Gyarados ten time my size. It took a long time to train, but in the end I was rewarded for it. It just depends on your determination.>"

Pichi smiled strangely. "<Okay, how about a race? We'll see what it takes to be a strong Pikachu. My trainer says I'm one of the fastest Pokemon alive. Think you could take me on?>"

"<I thought you said you didn't like competition?>" Pikachu returned.

"<I don't like fights, but I like proving to others why I'm the best Pikachu in the region. What do you say, Pika-Boy?>"

With a smile Pikachu decided to accept. This would be fun. He always liked to show off just a little, even as modest as he was. Pichi set the rules and laid out their course. No powers other than Agility were to be used, and they would zip back down the way Pikachu had come to get to the cliff and end at a particularly tall tree off in the distance.

The two Pikachu braced themselves on the top of the hill, tails flicking in anticipation, small sparks coming from their rosy cheeks. At last Pichi said, "< Ready...set...Race!>"

Faster than the law of physics could have predicted the two rodent creatures shot off like lightning bolts, creating small sonic booms in their wake. All one could have seen of them had they been there to witness this race would have been two flashes of yellow that could not have been made out.

Pikachu had to admit that this girl was fast...really, REALLY fast! The most powerful of Ash's Pokemon, Pikachu often prided himself on his speed and power, but every once in a rare while there came along someone or something that showed him he was not all powerful. When that happened it was often necessary for Pikachu to refocus and try harder to win.

This was going to be one of those times.

As he and Pichi zipped along the forest paths, a cloud of kicked up leaves and grass flew behind them. They almost ran into some sleeping Spearow, Raticate and Hoppip as they went, but the speedy Pokemon were also good at quick thinking to evade the danger. As the tree that was their target loomed ahead, Pikachu gritted his teeth, forced his legs to give it everything they had and he was almost flying rather than running.

Their breath escaping in short bursts the Pikachu made the final stretch...and by barely a millisecond the female Pikachu slapped the bark of the tree with her little paw. Pikachu unfortunately had been going far too fast, and in order to not slam into the tree he swerved at the last second and crashed into a bush.

Pichi came to his aid with a worried expression on her cute face, until she saw Pikachu slowly pull himself out of the bushes, his ears covered in damp leaves and Spinarak webs. He looked quite a mess, and held his head as his eyes rolled in his sockets. That little race had been something of an intense physical output for him.

Then Pikachu heard Pichi giggling, which in turn became hysterical laughing.

"<What's so funny?>"

In between her laughter the little lady Pikachu exclaimed, "< You look TOO silly with that stuff in your hair!>"

Confused Pikachu centered his eyes and looked up, seeing the edge of a leaf poking down his forehead. He then grinned in embarrassment and cleared his head of the unflattering adornments. He then blushed a little, his red cheeks glowing a deeper hue of almost maroon and he conceded, "<Well, I guess you won.>"

Pichi shrugged with a proud smile. "<Yeah, well, I told you I was the fastest.>"

Pikachu detected no condescension in her tone. She was just having some fun with him. Suddenly Pikachu decided that he really liked this Pokemon. She was funny, she was fun, and...well, she was a Pikachu.

He then had a thought. He figured she would love this.

"<Hey, since you won, how about I show you this great grove of Mint Berries? My trainer and I found it on our way here.>"

Pichi's eyes widened in jubilation. "< Mint Berries?! Oooh, those are GREAT! So tasty! Well, what are we waiting for? Show me please!>"

Pikachu smiled. She was going to be fun to hang out with. Forgetting Ash and Company completely for the rest of the night, Pikachu and his new friend made their way to the Mint Grove, talking and playing until the early hours of the morning, and then they bid each other good-bye and went back to their respected camps. They promised that they would meet again the next night if they could. Pichi said that she wanted to show Pika chu a special spot overlooking a valley, but only if she could get away. If her trainer decided to leave than that would be the end of it.

Pikachu had not had that much fun for a long time, and he rather hoped that they could get together again. He had been so lonely lately, wanting to be with his kind, and Pichi had made

him feel childish and happy again. It was quite wonderful, and with a smile on his face the whole way back to camp Pikachu silently reentered the sleeping grounds of the Trainers as the sun began to climb over the mountains, and carefully the yellow mouse slid beside Ash and nestled against his chest, warm thoughts of the last evening still racing through his mind, finally sending him to sleep.

In the morning Ash was the first to wake up, and after a heart yawn he looked down to see Pikachu curled beside him. The human formed a glowing smile and stroked the Pokemon's head lovingly.

Gosh, he thought, Pikachu must be tired. He's usually up before me!

Ash slipped out of his sleeping bag and stretched, then looking to his friends. Brock was drooling in his sleep, and Misty was looking very strange as she hugged her pillow to her body and was rested her head on it like she were clutching a teddybear. Togepi was curled up in egg form and did not stir.

Figures, Ash thought impatiently. They won't want to get up for another hour at least. He was too ready for the day having got a good night's sleep, and he wanted to do something fun with his time off of training. But his three main buddies were all sawing, so resorted to the next best thing Ash grabbed Bayleef's Pokeball and released the organic Pokemon.

"Bay Bay!" the sweet dinosaur/plant Pokemon said joyously, seeing its beloved trainer. Before Ash could act the Pocket Monster had jumped on him and pinned him to the ground, wagging its tail like an excited Growlithe.

"Bayleef!" Ash laughed, trying to force the heavy Pokemon off of him. It certainly was easier getting the Pokemon off when it was a Chikorita. "Get off you silly spice head! I just wanted to see if you wanted to go to the stream with me and do some fishing!"

Bayleef looked all too eager, and smiling cutely with its big eyes closed it squealed, "Bayleef Bay!" It then proceeded to kiss Ash repeated all over his face, forcing the young trainer to muster all of his strength to hurl the hyperactive Pokemon off. He laughed and wiped his face.

"Okay, let's go. We'll let everyone else sleep." He reached into his backpack and grabbed a Super Rod. He gestured for Bayleef to follow and the two set off for the nearby stream.

Just then Pikachu stirred awake for a moment, and the mouse was startled when he saw that Ash was not beside him. Looking just in time he saw as Ash and Bayleef walking away together to go have some fun together. Thinking that Ash had not bothered to invite him along made Pikachu a little sad. He always invited him along! Why did he---

The feelings Pikachu had been experiencing lately, of loneliness, of not having as great a place with the humans as he wanted, were growing, and as he looked at Bayleef with his trainer he felt perhaps just a little jealous and depressed.

Pikachu wanted so much more than just to be an on the side attraction, something that was there but only really cared for when the humans needed his help. He knew deep in himself that Ash loved him, really did, but was Ash even capable of making Pikachu feel as loved and accepted as he wanted to be?

Being with Pichi last night...it had been a breath of fresh air, it had made Pikachu feel comfortable and understood, because Pichi and he were the same. They were two of the same creature, and had that automatic bond. It was nice to have an intelligent conversation with someone that could actually understand him, rather than just yelling, "Pika Pika Pikachu!" all day long and hoping that Ash could get the gist of what he was saying.

Pikachu felt quite determined now...he had to meet Pichi again tonight, and spend more fun time with her. She knew how to make him feel comfortable and happy. She could fix all of this.

Patiently Pikachu waited through the day, and the humans did their own thing. They ate, they played games with their Pokemon, and Ash came back to camp with Bayleef, four big fish as his prize capture for supper and even a Magikarp he had accidentally snagged. That one he decided to release at the insistence of Misty, who was quite disgusted with the sight of that ugly fish Pokemon in their camp.

The young Ketchum was too busy through his day talking to Misty and Brock, sharing ideas on training and Pokemon treatment and plans for when they got to the next town and other

such things that he never even spoke to Pikachu, except to remind him that it was time for supper.

That clenched it, Pikachu decided. He was going to leave again tonight, and go find someone who would give him some real attention and not just take him for granted.

The sun set and the night was full of stars. The campfire dying down, Ash settled into his sleeping bag and called over to his Pokemon, "Hey Pikachu, ready for bed?"

Pikachu sat by the dwindling flames and sighed. He looked at his trainer and shook his head slowly. "Pika."

Ash was understandably a little confused. Pikachu had never shown any resistance before. Was something wrong?

"No? Are you okay, Pikachu?"

Trying to get Ash off of his case, Pikachu frowned and stared down at his little feet, and said in a rough and insistent voice, "Pika!"

However Ash understood his Pokemon's expressions and emotions better than even Pikachu guessed, and the young man could clearly see that something was eating at his friend. But like a wise parent or friend Ash could tell that now was not the time to persist. Pikachu seemed to need some space, so with a soft tone Ash laid his head down and whispered, "Good-night, Pikachu. Sleep well."

After a few moments Pikachu glanced over at his trainer, saw the dying fire playing over Ash's face. Pikachu's heart softened, and sadly he sighed as he thought how he was judging Ash for not giving him enough attention. He knew better than to think that Ash did not care for him. Maybe Pikachu himself was the one who needed to find a better way to communicate his feelings to his trainer. If Ash understood how he felt, then he would certainly do more to make Pikachu feel comfortable.

Suddenly Pikachu saw a bolt of lightning shoot up from the ground, several hundred yards away. It was a Pikachu Thunder Attack, and he only took a second to figure out that it was Pichi, signaling to him where she was so they could meet up again.

The energy signal continued for several moments, and Pikachu knew what he wanted to do. Looking back at Ash with a sad expression, he finally gave in to his feet and began running in Pichi's direction.

As he disappeared into the bushes, Pikachu did not know that one of the human trainers had not been able to sleep and had seen him leave.

Misty looked up from her sleeping bag and whispered curiously to herself, "That's funny...where's Pikachu going in such a hurry, and why didn't it tell Ash?"

To Be Continued...

Author's Note

Thank you for reading. First submitted fic I have made, so if you like I shall continue, and many other keen stories are being brewed up in my mind for the Pokemon Fic Lovers. Reviews welcome at Samgamgee1985@Yahoo.com

Original link:

[A PIKACHU IN LOVE \(thepokemontower.com\)](http://thepokemontower.com)

A PIKACHU IN LOVE Part 2

Pikachu raced through the trees, driven by an eagerness of spirit to be with Pichi again. He wanted to have fun with her like he had the previous evening, and not be the little outsider he felt himself when in the company of the humans.

He felt she accepted him, and that was what he wanted right now.

As he followed the Thunder attack she was creating to lead him to her, Pikachu came across a large Berry Tree growing out of a fertile patch of ground and he stopped in his tracks. The berries were fresh and plump, and remembering how much Pichi loved them he thought she might like some. The small rodent Pokemon quickly shot a few down with a light Thunder-shock and gathered them into his short arms. He then went on his way.

Before long he found Pichi. The sweet little Pikachu girl was standing patiently by a wall of stone on a hillside, and upon hearing the approach of Pikachu her cute little face lit up, her pink cheeks practically glowing.

"<I figured you'd come!>" she squeaked happily. Pikachu grinned, holding his hands behind his back to conceal the Berries. This did not go unnoticed by Pichi, however, and she inquired, "<Whatcha got back there?>"

Shyly Pikachu looked down at his feet and made a circle with his toe. "<Oh, I just...well, I know how much you like Berries, and I...>"

That was as far as he got. Pichi heard that word and her ears straightened up. "<BERRIES? You brought me some---! Oh, you're TOO nice!>"

She circled around Pikachu to get at the food and plucked two from his hands. Her eyes were bright with longing for her favorite food, and before she dug in she smiled at the boy Pokemon and cooed, "<Thank you very much! How incredibly thoughtful of you! I wish my trainer could capture you and bring you along with us. You really seem nice and considerate. I don't meet many Pokemon like that, especially not the ones on my trainer's team.>"

As the two sat and began to munch their food, Pikachu thought of what she had said. She was very kind, but he knew that he could never be with another trainer. How could he be? He loved Ash, deeply. Deeper than he had ever thought he could love a human trainer. The things they had been through together were the things of true friends, those who were always destined to be together forever.

Ash had saved him from Team Rocket more times than he could remember. He had saved Ash from wild Pokemon more times than could be counted. They had seen the most wondrous sights of the Pokemon world, from ancient extinct Pokemon to ancient prophecies coming to life, and the rarest of the rare Pokemon like Lugia, the Legendary birds, Entei, and as they had come to learn not long ago, Mewtwo, the genetically engineered Pokemon.

All of these no Pokemon could have imagined being witness to in their lives, but Pikachu had been blessed with the fortune of not only seeing some of these wondrous things, but thanks to his trainer being a part of them. Oh sure, Ash wasn't perfect, but he and Pikachu had grown together in their maturity and strength.

And friendship.

Yes, they were best friends. Better than best. So why was it Pikachu was feeling so distant from Ash? Why was he experiencing this empty heart right now? He looked at Pichi as she ate, wondered if she had something to do with it. Pikachu was growing up, just as Ash was. The yellow mouse knew that humans when they got older would often find a special someone, a soul mate who they would cling to and do anything for.

The thought had never really crossed his mind that Ash would ever one day become involved in a relationship...or, he thought, that he would. Pikachu thought seriously for a moment. Was that it? Was he lonesome and yearning for someone to fall in love with?

Nah, he decided. That was silly stuff. He loved people and Pokemon, but Pikachu was all about friendships, not relationships.

Pushing those thoughts out of his mind, Pikachu and Pichi finished their midnight snack. Pichi then rose and inquired, "<So, how about a walk? I've got a lot of great spots around her to show you. And if we have time, maybe we could go to our camps and meet each other's trainers.>"

"<Huh?>" Pikachu questioned. "<Meet our trainers?>"

"<I don't mean wake them up.>" Pichi added. "<I just meant for each of us to see who our humans are. I'm curious to meet your trainer, to see who it is that could train such a sweet Pikachu so well.>"

She smiled teasingly, and Pikachu blushed. He was never very good with compliments.

"<Oh, I suppose we could,>" he gave in, not wanting to disappoint Pichi. What harm would it do to just pop into camp and give her an introduction to Ash? Oh, sure, he wouldn't be awake for it, but that was best in Pikachu's opinion. He stood and they ran along together, Pikachu leading the way back from where he had come.

Within a matter of moments they were at the hedges surrounding the campsite, and under the dull glow of the moon Pikachu could see the smoking remnants of their fire, along with the three sleeping bags of the humans, all lined up in a row.

Ash and Brock could be seen in theirs, but strangely enough Misty was nowhere to be seen. Togepi slept soundly where it had been laid to rest, but there was no form inside of Misty's sleeping bag. Pikachu thought this very strange. Misty was never the sort of person to disappear in the middle of the night...but then again, neither was he.

"<Which one is it?>" Pichi inquired, pointing between the two boys. Pikachu silently gestured for her to follow him, and she did so until he was standing beside Ash, about a yard from his face. Pichi looked at the sleeping boy, saw him lost in a world of dreams with no sense of the outside world or of the two Pokemon watching him right now.

"<Oh, he is a cute one,>" she said with a smile. Ash moaned in his sleep, almost as though he were remarking to her statement, but as was often the case it would take nothing short of a Twister attack to awaken this young Ketchum. "<He has adorable little Zs on his cheek. So how did you get together with him? Did he capture you?"

"<No,>" answered Pikachu. "<I was captured as a Pichu by a man named Oak. He found me getting into the garden of Ash's mother when I was little and hungry, so to keep me from getting into trouble he caught me and took care of me until I was a Pikachu. Unfortunately I was never very appreciative of what he had done for me, until later that is, and I was always getting into trouble. Then Ash came along. He was just starting his Pokemon journey and

had come too late to the Oak's lab to get his starting Pokemon. All the other staring monsters were gone, so Ash was desperate. The Professor did not want to give me to Ash, because he knew what a hand-full I would be for him, but Ash insisted and I became his Pokemon that day. But I didn't care. I disobeyed his orders, made the trip difficult. I was determined to be an independent spirit and not have to rely on anyone. It wasn't until Ash saved my life from a flock of attacking Spearow that I realized how much I needed guidance, and after that we've taught each other a lot, and have been the best of friends ever since.>"

"<Cool!>" Pichi chimed. "< That's really great that you two are so close. I was just a lazy Pikachu when my trainer found me, doing nothing but laying around and eating to pass the time. She stumbled on me and sent out her Smoochum to nab me. It wasn't too hard,>" she said with a laugh at the memory. "<I was so unaccustomed to fighting of any sort that I didn't have any real idea how to defend myself. So for Faith it was an easy addition to her team, but afterwards, like you said, I couldn't have been happier that my life was meant to be with her. She's the best trainer a girl could hope for.>"

Pichi then looked over to Brock inquisitively. "<Is he one of your friend's traveling buddies?>"

"<Yeah,>" Pikachu said with a little chuckle. "<That's Brock, and believe me he's one of the silliest humans I've ever known.>"

"<Why's that?>" Pichi asked.

It was difficult to describe the personality of Brock in brief, but Pikachu eventually explained. "<Let's just say one minute he could be straight and serious and doing something important like an adult, and the next he will be acting very strange and empty headed. If he met your trainer he'd probably try anything he could to get to her fall in love with him.>"

The girl Pikachu laughed merrily at that thought. It seemed to amuse her. "<Well, he's going to have to be disappointed. My trainer already told her traveling friend that she loves him, and I just think it's the sweetest thing! I never really thought humans could be too cute, but you should see them when they get to doing all that cuddling and kissey stuff. It's so SWEET!>"

Pikachu smirked and shook his head. Some Pokemon had the weirdest opinions. "<Yeah, well, I've never really seen much of that sort of thing. My trainer hasn't got a girlfriend or

anything, but I guess Brock makes that up for him. Ash cares more about Pokemon training. That's his life, and I think it always will be.>"

"<But what about your life?>" Pichi asked suddenly. "<Do you want to be a sport Pokemon all of your existence, or do you want to do something more with your future?>"

It was a stunning question for Pikachu, because really he had not thought of it quite like that before. Would he be contented to be Ash's Pokemon forever? Would there come a time when he might wish to take on his own life and seek a new path in the world? He had never really thought of it before. He didn't think he would always want to be a fighter. There had to be a point where that was put behind him. But then what would he do? Where would he go? Who would he be with?

It took some seconds for Pikachu to even be able to reply to Pichi's question, but after a moment he finally said, "< I guess my future hasn't been decided yet. All I know is that Ash has been good for me. We've helped each other out, we're better friends than any I've ever known to exist, and we both want to succeed and win together. That's our life, and that's all we have right now. And, I guess that's all we need.>"

Suddenly the Pikachu jumped as they heard a rustling coming from the nearby bushes that separated the stream from their sleeping grounds. Something was coming into the clearing.

Pikachu knew it could only be Misty. Wherever she had been she was back, and he definitely did not want her to catch him wandering about with another Pikachu. He didn't want her telling Ash some story that she'd seen the boy's Pokemon living a secret life at night with mysterious, unknown Pokemon. All Pikachu needed was Ash suspicious of him and drilling him for questions that he could not answer anyway.

He turned tail and ran back into the bushes from whence he and Pichi had come, and he was satisfied that they had cleared the campsite just in time to avoid Misty. Pichi was confused, and whispered in her high little voice, "<What's wrong? Why are we running?>"

It was going to be hard to explain, but Pikachu tried his best. "<It's just...the humans don't know that I'm slipping away at night, and I'd prefer to keep them from getting on my back about it. It's nothing really. Hey, how about you introduce me to your trainer now?>"

That plan seemed very agreeable to Pichi, so the two yellow creatures made their way along forest trails in a northeasterly direction, Pichi leading him all the way.

Back in the camp Misty was slipping a robe over her body. She was only wearing a swimsuit, and at the moment it was soaked. She had not been able to sleep, so she took Corsola's Pokeball, grabbed her swimming suit and gave the Pokemon a little midnight swim in the river. It was very chilly, but the temperature did not bother Corsola, or for that matter Misty. She figured if the Pokemon could take it then so could she.

As she grabbed some dry clothes to go change into within the trees, Misty had been unable to miss the escaping duo of Pokmon. She had sharp eyes, and she knew well enough that one of them had been Pikachu. Where was that charged-up rat going? Why the secrecy? It was very mysterious, for it was not like Pikachu at all.

Beside her Misty heard Corsola sigh in weariness, so she returned the coral Pokemon back to its ball, and then looked back to the trees.

Misty was curious by nature, but she simply did not understand why Pikachu was skirting off tonight. It wasn't like the furry little rodent. Ash may be in La La Land, but I sure as heck want to find out what's going on with that Pokemon. It's not safe to be wandering around without telling us where it's going.

In truth Misty believed that nothing was unsafe for Pikachu, but she was nervous and concerned for the little guy, and if anything happened to it...she didn't know what they would do. Ash would be devastated, Misty knew that she and Brock would be heart broken, and poor Togepi...

That settled it, Misty decided. She was going to find Pikachu and see just what it was up to. She pulled out Poilwhirl's Pokeball and released the tadpole. It materialized before her, but she had forgotten the late hour and when Poliwhirl appeared it fell to the ground, still asleep.

"Oops," Misty slapped her forehead. "Sorry Poliwhirl. I forgot that some of my Pokemon actually need their beauty sleep. Return." Once back in, Misty pocketed the ball and just decided she would find Pikachu without the help of her Pokemon. How hard could it be? Ash seemed to have disaster written all over his face when it came to directions, but he knew almost by instinct how to find his own Pokemon.

Can't be that hard, Misty decided, and she swiftly set off into the forest after Pikachu. Bugs or no bugs, Misty of Cerulean City had enough spunk to forget her fears just long enough to locate her little yellow friend.

You can't hide from me Pikachu. I'll sniff you out like a Houndour if I have to.

Ten minutes later Pikachu and Pichi were passing through some of the thickest parts of the wood. The trees were ancient, older than most of the cities around them. In them families of bug and bird Pokemon had raised families for generations. The Butterfree of the region often decorated the largest trees with a webby sap during the summer months, creating a shining net that hung over the entire forest. People visiting could see many of the beautiful sights that the bugs created from the tall hills, and in the light of the setting sun the entire forest and countryside would come alive with a beauty of sparkling webs and dust from fluttering wings.

The two Pikachu had to cross a small running river in order to get to the other campsite, but a bridge of rock allowed for them to cross quickly and dryly. As Pikachu hopped from rock to rock, he looked ahead to see that Pichi was already on the other side, impatiently awaiting him.

"<Come on!>" she urged him. "<I want you to meet Faith. Hurry! Just hop those rocks!>"

With anyone else Pikachu may have been a little bit mad that they were pestering him and not letting him take his time, but with this girl Pikachu could only grin, stifling the giggles he wanted to laugh.

At last he reached the other side of the river with only dampened feet, and Pichi smiled excitedly. "<Come on come on!>" She was almost bouncing up and down now, and took Pikachu's hand. She then performed a Quick Attack, zipping over the ground at a blinding speed with Pikachu dragging behind her. Pikachu held on for dear life and closed his eyes, until they came to a stop and Pichi released him.

"<Pika-Boy, meet Faith,>" she motioned towards a form lying on the ground beside them. Pikachu saw a young girl, a blanket pulled up to her shoulders and a pillow covering half of her face. But she was indeed beautiful, as far as Pikachu thought human beauty could go. She had golden hair, cut very short, and cheeks that seemed to glow pink in the moonlight. Her lips were upturned in a pleasant smile as she dreamed, and she breathed lightly like an angel sighing in contentment.

In truth Pikachu was impressed by her loveliness. She looked very sweet, and somehow the little Pokemon felt melancholy looking at her. He wondered if someday Ash would meet a beautiful creature such as this, fall in love with her and then change into an unrecognizable person. If he fell into this human disease of love, would he forget about his Pokemon training...and about his best pal, Pikachu?

How could it be avoided, Pikachu decided. It was the way life went. Someday, he knew, his boy would leave him. Changes came, people grow and start to think different and thus go different directions in their lives. How long would it be, Pikachu thought sadly, until Ash changed into the man he was soon to become, and left behind the remnants of his younger years?

And then what about me? Pikachu thought. Where does my life go after that?

These were things that the Pokemon had never really thought of before, and in truth he wished he did not have to think of them. They were depressing thoughts, not at all what he liked to think about. Either way, his thoughts were interrupted by Pichi.

"<Isn't she beautiful?>"

Pikachu gazed again at the human girl and nodded. He noticed for the first time that a few yards away in a sleeping bag was a teenage boy, very good looking. So that was this girl's boyfriend? Yes...Pikachu suddenly saw Ash's face on that boy's in his mind's eye. What was it about these humans? Why did they need to fall in love? Why...?

What was wrong with this picture? Pikachu saw no reason why it should be having these thoughts. Why so angry about the humans need for relationship? But then it was obvious...Pikachu always wanted to be Ash's number one friend. He wanted to be the only living individual that Ash spent his days with, laughed with, had his adventures with. Of course

they would never have a love like boy and girl, but theirs was a very special love of friendship...a deep connection that grew from times shared and feelings proven towards that friendship.

Losing that intimacy was a frightful thought for poor Pikachu. He didn't know if his heart could bear it.

Unfortunately his troubled thoughts did not go unnoticed. "<Hey, what's wrong?>" asked Pichi in concern. She could see that something was weighing heavily upon him.

Pikachu slapped on a fake smile and said, "<Nothing. So, is this all you brought me across the river to see, or did you have something more interesting to look at than your trainer?>"

Pichi did not take the remark as derogatory, knowing that the boy was only being silly. So she looked about thoughtfully for a moment until an idea seemed to hit her like an Electric Shock to the head. "<I know! There's a beautiful gorgeous valley just over the next two rises that's chock full of flowers and Beedrill hives. The flowers are great for making little necklaces with , and the honey is very very sweet. I've tasted some. Come on! It's the best thing we can do with our night! Come on come on!>"

Once again she was off like a shot, and Pikachu had to do his level best to catch up. Putting the humans behind him and just being able to play in the wild with another of his own kind was the most enjoyable thing he had done in ages. He loved it. He wondered why he ever stayed with humans. He thought back to how happy he had been when he had found that colony of Pikachu and had almost stayed with them.

But, then again, it was his love for Ash that had caused him to leave that group...

The yellow Pokemon quickly blocked the memories out of his mind and focused on following Pichi through the new groves of trees she was leading him into.

The hours passed, the moon traveled overhead, and the two Pikachu were gleefully playing in the shadows, forgetting time and the outside world completely. They made flower rope and necklaces for Pichi to wear. They ran in circles until the ground was so worn that they

had created a ring of dirt. BY the time they were done it rather looked like a collection of crop circles. They ate anything that was sweet, from Berries to Beedrill nectar.

Finally it was getting to be 4 in the morning, and despite the hours and hours of fun the two Pikachu were finally beginning to get quite won out and indeed very sleepy. They walked slowly together, back towards Pichi's camp, under the fading moon and they could see from afar the beginnings of morning as faint pinks began to paint themselves into the starry night.

They stumbled together under the song of the HootHoot, until Pikachu stopped and said in a sleepy voice, "<I need to rest my feet. It's been a long night.>"

Pichi sat beside him and rested her head against his little shoulder. She giggled cutely. "<Yep, a long night...but a wonderful one.>"

She said that last part with such a sweet tone that Pikachu almost thought her another Pokemon for a second. But when he looked her in the face he saw that she was looking right back at him, her black eyes glinting like faceted diamond in the starlight. Pikachu suddenly thought something he had never thought before.

I've never seen such beautiful eyes. She...

He stopped and gazed down at his feet, feeling embarrassed as these strange emotions coursed through him. He had never thought such things. What was wrong with him? Was this what made Brock such a weirdo, and were these the emotions that would someday make Ash forget him? Were these feelings of love?

No, impossible, Pikachu thought. He'd only known this girl two nights. How could he be attracted to her? He dismissed the notion and stood up, looking out over the valley below them. They had climbed a rocky hill with an old Chestnut tree on the top. The roots grew deeply into the side of the hill, running down like the tentacles of an Octopus, twisting and swirling.

"<What are you thinking?>" Pichi asked suddenly. Pikachu looked at her, and her face was soft and caring. He looked back at his feet and shrugged. "<I can't say. Too many things to describe, really. I've...never really felt some of the things I'm feeling tonight, so how can I tell about them?>"

"<Try,>" Pichi insisted. She was not nagging him...she seemed genuinely interested.

With an effort Pikachu tried to think of all the proper fitting words that he could assemble to express his thoughts. But nothing was working. Nothing. His brain was like a massive blank file on a computer.

"<I...really don't know how to express myself very well,>" he said in defeat. "It's not worth it anyway. Forget it.>"

This was not good enough for Pichi. He had sparked her interest, and there was no way he was going to leave her hanging now. "<Ooooooh, Please?>" she begged. "< I promise I won't laugh at you.>" But Pikachu was not going to give an inch. He was simply too nervous. "<Nope. Sorry. I'm sorry if I'm being mean, but I can't.>"

At this point Pichi had a mischievous little grin on her face. "<Tell me, or I'm going to tackle you off of this cliff.>"

Pikachu smiled. He couldn't imagine her being that crazy just to have him talk about his feelings. Feelings weren't THAT important to a female, were they? He smiled and shook his head, facing his back to her as he looked back out over the valley. "<Sorry. Not telling.>"

"<Oh yes you are!>" That was the last thing Pikachu heard before he suddenly felt her little body slam into his, and there was no hope of him being able to recover his balance in time. The two Pokemon went right down the gravelly hill, rolling over one another and kicking up a good-sized cloud of dust particles. Pikachu could not believe that this girl would do something so crazy. From what he knew, girls did not DO these sorts of things! But down they went, and Pikachu could hear Pichi laughing as they descended. They bumped into a root now and then, but otherwise maintained a continual rate of dropping.

They finally stopped, and Pichi was giggling hysterically. Pikachu was more concerned about brushing off the dust that had gathered in his fur, not to mention the bruises he had now from hitting the rocks. Even he had to admit that by this point Pichi was stretching his patience a little with her child-like silliness. The girl laughed...and laughed, and wouldn't stop. Finally she collected herself and drooped her ears in exhaustion. Pikachu thought perhaps it was time to call it a night.

But in a flash moment that simple moment of silliness turned around and became extremely dangerous. As Pichi picked herself back onto her feet, Pikachu heard an odd crunching sound, and too late realized that the rocks under her feet were sinking out of sight. With a cut off scream Pichi suddenly disappeared into an opening in the hillside as the rocks collapsed altogether. She fell into a black hole, and an opening five feet in diameter revealed itself within the hillside, revealing a cave of some sorts.

Panicked, Pikachu looked into the opening and tried to visually locate his friend. He heard her frightened and painful gasps from down below, and desperately the male Pikachu cried into the shadows, "<Pichi! Pichi, are you okay?!>"

He could hear her moving about down below, and her little voice traveled upward to assure him that she was not seriously hurt. "<Yeah, I'm okay...I think. I'm just shaken, that's all. But how am I supposed to get out of her---AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!>"

Pikachu saw it the same time that she did, and his blood ran chilled at the sight. In the blackness of the little cave Pikachu could see absolutely nothing; save for two red eyes, illuminated on their own within the inky blackness. It was a terrifying sight. A deep growl filled the Pikachu couple with fear, but especially Pichi who was trapped down below with the thing.

Pikachu's throat went dry instantly. He had to act fast. Without thinking he leapt down into the cave, hoping he didn't land atop of Pichi, and once his feet touched solid rock he concentrated and performed a Flash attack. His body glowed an electric yellow, giving light to the lightlessness. The second they could see, the Pikachu were shown what it was that they were dealing with.

Crouching in the corner of this small burrow was a huge Ursaring. The Pokemon was like a mighty bear, with long, slick claws and a circle of yellow fur on its stomach. It was brawny, and vicious, and Pikachu knew very well from past experience with these Pokemon that if they did not get out of there that they would be dead.

But the opening was high above them, and it would take some doing to escape. The Ursaring was braced to attack, and it was not happy at all of being awoken in the middle of the night. The creature bellowed hatefully, a terrible sound that brought tears to Pichi's eyes. She whimpered in fear and hid her eyes. Pikachu felt like doing the same himself, but front and center in his thoughts were of keeping her safe, and hopefully getting them out alive.

The Ursaring raised a paw, four razor sharp points extending from within it. It clenched its teeth together and prepared to bring the claws down on Pikachu. Desperately Pikachu fired a Thunderbolt, and the powerful turret of energy struck the bear square in the chest. It flung the Ursaring backward into the wall, but when the attack broke Pikachu saw that the bear was still standing, and was all the more infuriated.

Pikachu wished that he had enough time and space to get Pichi out of their trap and fight the Ursaring at the same time, but before he could even think of a way out the bear was on him again. It arched its claws over its head and brought them down. But speed being the Pikachu's greatest asset saved them. Pikachu pushed Pichi to the side and just avoided being clipped by the claws, which having missed their target sunk into the floor.

Pichi screamed, and Pikachu prepared for another Thunderbolt. His hope was to keep dodging attacks, shoot the Ursaring enough times to wear it down and then take it out so that they could make their escape. The problem was that Pikachu had very little room to move in this Ursaring's hibernating quarters, so being able to move around the creature and build up energy for an attack to pull off his plan seemed futile.

And so it proved. As Pikachu prepared to fire his Thunderbolt again, the Ursaring pulled a surprise move on him. Opening its toothy maw it roared hideously and then fired a Hyper Beam. The swirl of energies hit Pikachu dead on, and the little mouse was thrown out of the cave completely. The Ursaring followed, quite forgetting that Pichi was even there. It brought its great bulk out of the cave and balanced itself on the hillside.

Pichi was terrified, but she was more frightened for Pikachu now than she was for herself. So mustering up her strength she leapt the entire eight foot distance out of the cave and gasped when she came back outside and saw that the Ursaring was standing over the unconscious form of Pikachu. The yellow rodent was charred from the Hyper Beam, and it looked as if its energy had been spent from the attack.

The menacing bear snarled and reached out for Pikachu, grasping him in one of its massive paws. It brought the little limp body to its mouth, and looked quite prepared to break its bones with its teeth. Pichi had heard of such terrible things before. She screamed in terror, desperately building up energy of her own to fire at the ugly grizzly. But suddenly Pikachu sprang back to life, having faked his unconsciousness, and he shot a strong Thunderbolt right in Ursaring's face,

The beast yelped as the hot sizzling power burned into its face, forcing it to reflexively release Pikachu. The Pokemon fell to the ground once more, and though tired Pikachu was on

fire now, and would not rest until it had defeated this dangerous monster. With a fierce determination Pikachu had rarely shown before, he yelled in challenge and prepped himself on his hind legs. He then shot forward in a body slam, plowing into the Ursaring's belly.

There was little effect to the blow, and more enraged than ever the bear blindly slashed at the air, hoping to catch Pikachu in the way of its attack. Fortunately for it, and unfortunately for Pikachu, the Slash Attack met its target. Pikachu was stunned backwards as the four claws tore across his face, and he fell in defeat.

"<Noooooooo!>" Pichi cried in horror. It could not be this way! Her fear melted, she gritted her teeth and concentrated. The Ursaring took a brutish step towards Pikachu, but stopped when it heard Pichi creating an attack of her own. It looked back at her, snarling hatefully. It turned around to attack her instead, but it never made it. Pichi called down a gigantic lightning blast from the night clouds in a powerful Thunder attack, and the bolt hit at the Ursaring's feet.

An avalanche began, and the Ursaring found itself slipping backwards, down the hill. Using her Agility, Pichi zipped around the creature and grabbed Pikachu, carrying him back up the hill to safety before the rocks slid too much. The Ursaring was not so lucky. It roared in its madness, and fell down in a shower of dust and rocks all the way down the hill. When the dust settled Pichi looked down and saw a mound of rocks, and only a limp Ursaring arm sticking out of them to show the creature buried beneath.

It was gone, and they had survived. Pichi collapsed into the grass atop the hill, the still form of Pikachu beside her. She was breathing hard, part in exhaustion and part in shock from all that had happened. But when her heart began to settle she looked at the unconscious face of Pikachu. He seemed asleep, at peace, unaware of the world around him, and it then fully hit the Pikachu girl to exactly what he had risked to save her.

He had put his own safety on the line to make sure that she was protected. He risked his own death to make sure she survived. Pichi suddenly remembered something her trainer had said a long time ago to her...

...No greater love has anyone than those that risk their lives for their friends...

Pichi began to softly cry, and she moved close to Pikachu and hugged him. She rested her little head upon him, listening to his weak heartbeat and she prayed for him to be all right.

She could never forgive herself if he were to die. If not for her fooling around then they would not have been in danger at all. Pikachu could have died because of it.

Pichi continued to weep, and she whispered into Pikachu's ear, knowing he could not hear her, "<Please be all right. Please...you have to be okay! I...I want us to be friends forever...I want Faith to meet you...I...I'm in love with you...>"

With that the little girl Pokemon felt her eyes grow heavy, very heavy, and she fell asleep with Pikachu in her arms.

...To be concluded...

Author's Note

Well now, what do you think? Ridicule me, praise me, I don't care (well, okay, maybe I'd prefer praise). I just want them reviews. They are appreciated, and thanks to those of you who wrote me! I luv you people!

SamGamgee1985@yahoo.com

Original Link:

[A PIKACHU IN LOVE \(thepokemontower.com\)](http://thepokemontower.com)

A PIKACHU IN LOVE Part 3

Dreams floated in and out of Pikachu's head, replaced often by sheer black nothingness. In his mind he often thought he heard a scream, then silence, then chatter, then silence, and then a jumbled mix of a wave of sounds, all seeming familiar but somehow not.

The voices seemed to be those of the trainers he had grown to love...Ash, his best friend in the world...Misty, his conspirator when something needed to be done to Ash...Brock, the best cook and healer he'd ever known, who'd taken care of more of Pikachu's boo-boos than a mother ever could. He heard them all swirling inside his head; even the little chirping voice of Togepi, who was more like a little brother, or sister...or whatever it was.

Memories were playing out in front of Pikachu's closed eyes like a long reel of film, until finally he saw a different face; a soft, yellow face with blue eyes and a bow in her ear. Pichi. It was Pichi Pikachu saw, and she seemed worried about something...no, terrified. Then the Ursaring appeared in Pikachu's subconscious, and when its ugly tooth filled mouth opened for a scream Pikachu felt himself startled out of sleep and he opened his eyes.

It was morning, somewhere in midmorning and the sun was already out. Pikachu groaned and scanned around with his eyes. He felt terrible. He felt like he had been raked across the face with a giant fork. But then he remembered the previous night, and it all came back to him. The Ursaring had connected with a good Slash Attack, and after that Pikachu could remember nothing. But last he could recall he had been on a hillside. Where was he now, and how had he gotten there?

Then he felt a figure move beside him. Pikachu looked to see the small sleeping form of Pichi, curled beside him, her arms around his waist and her head on his shoulder. She was dozing comfortably, and Pikachu realized that she must have saved him from the Pokemon bear.

He did not want to wake her, but it was getting late in the morning and Pikachu knew that if he was not back in camp Ash and Company would be worried sick, and so too would Pichi's trainer. He gently shook her little body, and almost instantly Pichi's beautiful eyes fluttered open to the new day.

She yawned wide and smiled at the male Pikachu. "<Hey handsome, did you sleep all right?>"

Pikachu was still too exhausted to respond to her jovial attitude. He looked at her silently for a second or two, met her eyes and then said, "<Thank you...for saving me, that is.>" Pichi grinned and moved closer to him, so they were side by side again. "<Just returning the favor, Thunder-Mouse,>" she giggled, recalling one of the possible nicknames she had thought of for Pikachu. She then grew more serious and as gently as she could she hugged Pikachu close to her. "<You risked a lot to keep that Ursaring away from me. I was scared to death that I might lose you.>"

Pikachu did not look at her face, but at the ground as she spoke. He was taking in the emotion behind her words. There was a deeper meaning there. "<Why?>" He asked. "<Why were you so scared?>"

The little girl Pikachu turned his face towards hers with her paw, gazing into the deep black of his eyes. Hers were as sapphire, twinkling and full of depth like the sky. Her voice became ever softer as she replied, "<Because you're the sweetest friend I've made in a long time. You're really awesome...and, well, you know,>" she was blushing hard by this point, but she did nothing to hide it. "<I...I lo-->"

Just then she was interrupted by the sound of a human girl, calling from somewhere in the distance. It was Pichi's trainer Faith, looking for her missing Pokemon. Pikachu stood and prepared to run, not wishing to be seen by the human. Pichi knew he should leave too, but desperately before Pikachu left she looked at him. "Pikachu, I need to see you again tonight. Please, this is very important! I have to tell you something. Please, promise me you'll come to me tonight."

Looking into her angelic little face, hearing the plea in her voice there was no way that Pikachu could refuse her. He knew that he would probably be in hot water with Ash if he came back in the middle of the morning like this, but whatever happened he was determined to make it. Something strange in his heart that he had never really felt before made him want to rebel against Ash and the whole thing, and just go his own way.

The yellow Pokemon looked at the soft, precious girl before him and he said assuredly, "<I'll make it. I promise.>"

Pichi smiled happily, and then she ran off into the bushes in pursuit of the voice of her trainer. Once she was gone, Pikachu slowly, painfully, began to make his way back towards his own camp. He felt miserable physically, but also in his mind there was a tangled mess that

he was having a hard time sorting out. Was this right? Should he be having these secretive rendezvous? But then again, wasn't his happiness more important? Or was staying loyal to Ash?

He was very conflicted and confused, and he just wished that he could understand his own heart. But he would return tonight. Ash would have to use Brock's Onix to Bind him before he would break that promise.

As he raced back towards the camp along the forest trail, Pikachu came across an unexpected sight. There, in the middle of the path, fast asleep, was Misty. She was just lying in the middle of the dirt path, no blanket or anything, looking tired and filthy as though she'd been through a storm.

Instantly Pikachu thought that he could guess what had happened. Misty had come looking for him last night, and when she could not find him she had stopped for a rest and...well, this. He had to give the girl some credit. Misty's fear of Bug and forest Pokemon was as infamous as Brock's girl insanity, so for her to come looking for him was a very courageous thing,

Knowing it would get him busted, Pikachu decided to wake the sleeping beauty and go back to camp with her. Gently the mouse Pokemon shook Misty's big human shoulders until he heard her moan. He backed away, and Misty's eyelids slowly opened. She cleared the fuzz away and saw the Pikachu standing in front of her with a weak smile on its face.

"Pikachu?" he asked with a concerned tone. Misty took half a second to register that it was Pikachu talking to her, and then a disapproving frown appeared over her mouth. "Well, so there you are! To think I spent half the night looking for you. Where did you get off to Mister?"

Pikachu sighed. This was going to be hard to explain, especially since Misty didn't understand Pikachu talk. But he was spared from it when suddenly Misty's tone turned from one of condemnation to one of worry.

"Oh, Pikachu! What happened to your face!" She picked up the Pokemon and examined his face more carefully. Pikachu could only imagine what the scratches looked like that lined his face. All he knew was that they hurt like heck.

Looking innocent as a baby Pikachu gazed into Misty's face. "Pi? Pikachu?"

Misty sighed. "You're not going to tell me are you? Oh, well, you're safe I guess. Come on, let's go back to camp. Brock should be able to fix those up pretty easily."

She stood and carried the injured Pokemon in her arms all the way back to camp. As they went she talked to him, and the sweet, caring Misty that everyone preferred resurfaced in her voice.

"I know there must be some times you want to get out on your own Pikachu, but we worry about you when you go out alone in a strange new place. You never know when something might happen to you...like, those scratches for instance. I don't know what we'd do without you. You're the most special Pokemon on any of our teams. Ash is the luckiest guy in the world to have you for a friend, and he knows it. He always talks about how special you are, how much great stuff you're going to do someday...and how much he loves you."

Pikachu's heart stopped for half a second when she said that. It hit home, because in his heart of hearts Pikachu knew it was true. He had no right to think that Ash was losing interest in him, because in truth there was nothing less true.

"And he's not the only one," Misty continued, holding him close to her chest. "Brock thinks the world of you, Togepi loves you like a brother, and I love you too." She lifted him a little and gently kissed the top of his head. After that she was silent as she walked back to camp.

Pikachu felt his body shiver in a mix of pleasant emotions and conflicting ones. Misty cared...she really loved him, even though she had never really shown it before. But thinking of Togepi and how much it looked up to him, and most of all thinking of Ash...his dear Ash...

Pikachu knew that he would return to Pichi tonight. It would probably be the last time, he knew. For better or worse, it would be the last time.

Looking up at Misty before they reached the camp, Pikachu tried his best to explain something to Misty. "Pikachu pi, pika pikachu pika pi chu Pikapi."

Although she could not understand individual words beyond "Pikachupi" and "Pikapi", which were Pikachu's words for her and Ash, Misty thought she could get the gist of it. "You don't want me to tell Ash about your little nighttime spree, right?"

Pikachu nodded, patting her arm, hoping she could understand. The young girl looked into Pikachu's eyes, and just in them she could tell more than his words could express. Misty nodded. "Okay Pikachu. Just promise you won't leave us behind if you do go anywhere. Always come back to us, okay?"

Slowly Pikachu nodded in response. It was a promise.

They entered the camp and saw Ash and Brock nervously talking, until Misty appeared from the trees with Pikachu in her arms.

"Misty!" Ash and Brock said in unison. A weight seemed to lift off of their shoulders. Ash ran over to her, wiping weariness from his eyes. "Where were you? And what happened to Pikachu!" His voice was very concerned for his pal, seeing the red marks across his face.

"Oh, uh, I took Pikachu for an early morning walk and we, uh, got lost along the way. You know I'm no good in forests." Pikachu looked at Misty curiously. She was covering for him. She really was a better friend than he had given her credit for.

Ash seemed to buy that part. "Well, then what's the deal with Pikachu's face?"

"Yeah," added Brock. "That's going to take my strongest Potion to heal you know."

Thinking quickly was a specialty for Misty, who taking only a second thought up a good enough fib. "Well, you see, uh, we ran into a wild Sandslash, uh, and it attacked Pikachu out of the blue. Yeah, that's it! Before Pikachu could do anything it Slashed him, and you know that Electric types are worthless against ground types. Poor Pikachu got a little bruised up, so it needs that medicine."

Brock looked confused, studying Pikachu's face. "But there are FOUR cuts there. Sandslash only have two claws. Plus I've never read of there being Sandslash in this region of Johto."

Misty could feel a sweatdrop creep down her forehead, and Pikachu wondered how she was going to explain herself out of this one. It had been a good enough cover story, better than he could have thought of anyway, but Brock was a hard cookie.

"Oh, well, you know Brock," Misty stammered, " Yeah, there's four marks, because, uh, the Sandslash attacked him twice. Yeah, that's what happened. Do the math! Besides, we've seen Pokemon migrate around before, right? Anyway, go get that medicine for Pikachu before I jam a spoonfull of it down your mouth!"

Commander Misty had returned, and Brock dared not upset her further. He went for the medicine. Ash looked relieved to see Pikachu safe, and he took her from Misty's arms. "Thanks for helping Pikachu, Misty. That was really great of you."

Misty smiled with glowing cheeks, and she put her free arms behind her back. "You're welcome. Just make him feel better, okay?"

"Will do," Ash smiled, looking at his little yellow friend. Pikachu stared into Ash's face, saw that clumsy boy he had met, and then the struggling tainer, and finally the expert Pokemon handler he was now. He saw years of memories, good times, hard ones, exciting adventures and pleasant lazy afternoons together. He knew that above all he loved the person he had those adventures with more than the adventures themselves, and finally Pikachu felt a little tear slip out of his eye. He embraced Ash tightly and buried his face in Ash's jacket.

"Pikapi," he said softly.

Ash stroked his fur lovingly, feeling like a father caring for his beloved young one. But better than that, he felt like a real friend caring for another. He hugged Pikachu back and whispered in his long ear, "I was worried about you buddy. You know I couldn't go on without you."

Yes, Pikachu knew it well. And neither could he. But there was one last thing that Pikachu had to take care of before he could fully return to Ash. He had to say good-bye to a young, beautiful Pikachu girl and tell her that he would probably never see her again. The young Pokemon's heart almost broke at the thought, because he truly cared for Pichi.

She had given him a special friend, one of a kind, and for the first time shown Pikachu that he could feel romantically attached to someone. Yes, he knew that he felt those things for her. But he had no choice in the matter. He had to take his road with Ash, and that was the future before him. Would he ever again have the chance to fall in love? Maybe. Would it be with Pichi? Who could say?

If that was where his future led him after his battling days were over, then Pikachu hoped so.

The sky was heavy with gray cloud and there were no stars or moon this night. It was midnight, and the three trainers were in their sleeping bags. Pikachu could hear Brock snoring, and he was confident that they were all asleep. He sat up, looking to the mountains far away, awaiting the lightning signal of Pichi to reveal her location.

Pikachu was sad to think that he would be going to see her to tell her that this was the end, but it was the way it had to be. And then he saw it. A bright flash of lightning arched into the air, and reflexively the yellow rodent hopped on his feet and ran into the bushes.

What he did not know was that this time he was being watched by not one, but two Pokémon trainers as he left. Misty and Ash both had stayed awake, seeing if he would leave again, and when he disappeared they both got up from their sleeping bags at the same time, fully dressed and ready to chase after him.

They were surprised to see each other up, but Ash was the first to speak. "You knew he would run off again, didn't you?"

Misty sighed. "Yeah, I did. But I don't know where he's been going. He saw that lightning bolt and he...well, BOLTED. I think there's something going on that we should know about. I don't think Pikachu's going off to do anything stupid, but it's still very mysterious. I guess we'll tail him together."

"Fine with me," Ash said, and he pulled a Pokéball from his belt. Out flashed Noctowl, who was fully awake being a nocturnal creature after all. It chirped quietly and spread its wings. "Noctowl, follow that Pikachu!" commanded Ash.

Compliently the bird Pokémon used its psychic powers to locate and fly in the direction of the runaway Pikachu and the lightning bolt. The human trainers ran after it as fast as they could in the dark, trying to be as silent as they could. Misty shivered.

"It's a lot darker than it was last night. I really hope nothing creepy pops out."

Ash shook his head. "You need some serious therapy. You've got bugs on the brain."

Misty growled. "Oh, really? And how would you think of bugs after a baby Ariados had crawled into your bed at age four and scared the living bejeebes out of you?"

The trainers exchanged back and forth all the way. It actually made Misty forget all about the bugs as she fought with Ash, and before long she was outrunning him.

It was not difficult for Pikachu to follow the lightning bolt straight to the source.

This time the location was different than it had been the night before. Pikachu found himself being led to a tall hill, where on the top was an old ash tree (ahem) that had fallen on its side. The tree reached out over the edge of the hill, where one could look down at the sheer drop below.

As Pikachu neared the tree he saw her sitting on it, continually sending out her signal. If Pichi were to slip she would probably plummet to her death, but the brave little girl sat as steadily on the cliffhanging tree as one would a chair at the dinnertable. Once she saw Pikachu coming she ceased her Thunder Attack, smiled and held her little hands behind her back, concealing something.

Pikachu was not afraid to step out onto the tree, so he hopped onto the cylindrical thing and went close beside Pichi. He sat next to her, smiled a weak smile and said nervously, "<Uh, hi.>"

Pichi wanted to hide it, but she could not keep the fact that she was blushing badly from Pikachu. She had been rehearsing this for hours, and it all came down to this meeting. If she said what she wanted to and got it out right, then she had high hopes that this would not be the last time she would meet Pikachu. She had a deep desire for him to stay, and all she had to do was let her heart talk.

"<Hi there handsome,>" she smiled. "<You're looking much better. I couldn't tell if you had been through that fight or not. The scratches are all gone.>"

"<Yeah,>" said Pikachu. "<My trainer's friend Brock is a miracle worker with Potions. I didn't feel any pain by this early afternoon.>"

"<Good,>" Pichi said warmly, moving closer to Pikachu. She looked at him directly, keeping direct eye contact even though her heart was beating too rapidly, making her nervous. "<Pikachu, I don't really know if you understand how much I owe you for what you did for me last night. I don't know anyone, even on my trainer's team, who would have taken the risk to rescue me from that. What you did...well, it showed me how much you care. I've never really had a lot of friends, and those I have made usually get traded to other Pokemon trainers or go on to better things. It's been really lonely sometimes, as much as Faith loves me. I've been praying every night for just the special friend to come, to show that he cared and to be a real part of my life. I never met that Pokemon...until two nights ago.>"

Pikachu closed his eyes sadly. He knew what she was going to say, and he knew what he would have to say back.

"<Pikachu...I've never felt these feelings before, but I know what they are. You make me feel really special, like I'm the most important Pokemon in the world. I want you with me...because I love you.>"

She pulled her hands out from behind her back and revealed a gift for Pikachu, which was a wild pink rose. Pikachu took it tenderly, and he could feel tears slowly well up in his eyes. He looked at Pichi, not knowing what to say, wondering how he could say what he had to say...or wondering if he even had to say them.

The Pokemon girl moved as close as she could, and whispered again, "<I love you...>"

Before Pikachu knew it he saw her lean into his face, and her little lips kissed his cheek softly. It was a slow kiss, as if she never wanted to remove herself from it, but Pichi pulled back and gazed into Pikachu's eyes. A single tear dropped down from his right eye.

"<Pikachu?>" Pichi caringly inquired. "<Pikachu, what's wrong?>"

Pikachu held the rose in his hands and stared at it as he spoke. "<I know in my heart that I love you too, but I can't leave my trainer. Ash isn't perfect, and neither am I. I am still learning and growing in my journey of life, and I believe the best place to be to grow is with him. I hope you can understand.>"

Pichi hung her head low, her ears drooping. After a moment she sighed and sadly whispered, "<I understand. But will you make me a promise?>"

Pikachu took her hand in his and nodded. "<Yes, I will. Anything.>"

Pichi's smile returned. She had more hope now. "<Just promise me that you won't forget me.>" Pikachu smiled back. "<I never could. You're too wonderful to forget.>"

"<And,>" Pichi added hastily, "<if you ever end your journey or if you and your trainer go separate ways, will you look for me? Will you still love me and come for me then? Even if it's years away?>"

In his heart of hearts Pikachu knew his answer, and confidently he replied, "<I will. I promise it.>"

Misty had succeeded in reaching the hill first, leaving Ash in the dust far behind. Noctowl helped them locate the exact spot of the Thunder signal once it had died out, and slowly and cautiously Misty sneaked through the trees and bushes to spy out Pikachu. She found him, sitting on a tree with a girl Pikachu.

So that's it, she thought with a grin. Pikachu found himself a friend.

Keeping out of sight Misty was not detected by the Pikachu, and she could tell that Ash would not catch up with her for a minute or two. He was a real Slowpoke.

As Misty watched the two little creatures, she saw them suddenly embrace. Both had small tears falling from their eyes, and whatever Misty had stumbled onto she could tell it was very emotional for them both.

Although she could not understand it, the human heard the Pikachu softly speak to one another. Pichi sniffed her tears back and said in response to Pikachu's promise, "<Then I'll wait for you, and you for me. I guess this is good-bye then.>"

Pikachu felt so saddened. He truly did not want to leave this beautiful creature behind, but he knew it was the right thing for now. Patience and a true heart might eventually reward him and reunite him with this girl, but for now the cute couple would part.

"<Goodbye Pichi,>" Pikachu's voice was trembling. " Even if we don't meet again, I'll always love you. Thank you for being my friend.>"

The girl put her paw through the fur between his ears, and then said, "<You know, when my trainer told her friend that she loved him, she sealed it like this.>" She leaned in for another kiss, but this one fell on Pikachu's lips. The boy admittedly knew little of romance, but feeling her gentle touch on his mouth was sweeter than anything Pikachu had ever known. His heart felt warm, an exhilaration went through his nerves.

Maybe I understand Brock a little better now, he thought. Real love really was precious. With that, though they could have easily stayed as they were for the rest of the night, Pichi ended the kiss and smiled at her friend. She didn't want to go, but she forced herself up and walked to the hilltop. She gave one last glance to Pikachu, said a deep heartfelt "<Goodbye Pikachu,>" and disappeared into the bushes like a spectre.

She was gone.

Pikachu sat in silence for many long moments, pondering what he had gained and lost all in one night. How could it be that he had fallen in love, only to have that love be taken away from him? It seemed cruelly unfair...at first. But Pikachu was a fighter, and he fought for what he believed and what he wanted. He would not give up hope that perhaps one day he would see this love of his again, and just maybe there would be a blessed future for them both.

The electric mouse was startled out of his thoughts as another figure moved out of the bushes towards him. He tensed up, thinking it perhaps a wild Pokemon, but he relaxed to see

that it was only Misty. From the look of sadness on her face it seemed evident that the human girl had guessed what had just happened.

"I'm sorry Pikachu," she sympathized. "It must have been hard, saying goodbye to someone you love." Pikachu looked sadly at his feet, the depression of his heart weighing him down. How could he ever be cheery again after this?

Oddly enough it was Misty who would lift his heart again. She picked him up off the edge of the fallen tree and caringly hugged him to her bosom. She patted his head, nuzzled his head, warmed him in her protective arms. "But it's like I said before," she continued. "Ash and Brock and I all love you Pikachu. You know we do. So don't feel too bad. You know we'd do anything for you. I never told this to anyone, but I was jealous of Ash for a long time because he had you. Oh sure, my first love is Water Pokemon, but I thought you were so special and sweet Pikachu that I wanted you all to myself. I really loved you later too for being an uncle to Togepi. You can't guess how great a gift that is to me."

Pikachu looked her in her beautiful eyes, so full of love and truth. Already he felt a return of those happy feelings, of being accepted, being cared for, being...loved. He had always known it inside, but he had never really heard it from the humans. Now he was assured. They cherished him. He was their family, and they were his.

Like a caring mother, Misty looked Pikachu directly in his eyes, as if to drive home her words, and she said, "Pikachu, will you promise me something? Promise me that when you feel alone or sad because you've lost that friend of yours, or if anything else discourages you, please promise me that you'll remember how much we all love you."

She then whispered in his ear, "Especially me."

Pikachu could feel himself wanting to cry again, but instead he hugged Misty and released all his pain. Misty squeezed him back, kissed his head and then stood up. "Come on. We'd better go find Ash. He's probably lost like crazy, even with Noctowl. Pikachu, would you like me to tell Ash about...about your friend?"

Pikachu decided it would be best not to mention it. His relationship with Ash and with Pichi were two different matters completely, and he thought it was not necessary to inform the teenage boy of his personal matters. He shook his head in a NO, and Misty nodded. "All right then. I'll keep your secret."

They walked down the hill, and just then a gentle rain began to fall. Misty groaned and called out for Ash. The boy appeared after a moment, looking flustered and frustrated.

"There you are!" he scolded Misty. "You ran so far ahead of me that I lost the trail! I had to...Pikachu!" His tone changed upon seeing his friend. "Where were you buddy? Misty, is everything okay?"

Misty hugged Pikachu comfortably to her chest and smiled as the rain began to soak them all. "Yeah, he just wanted to look for a Berry tree. They're ripening right now, you know."

The thought of the Berries made Pikachu think of Pichi. He smiled. She loved Berries very much...a good way to remember her. The humans were in favor of getting out of the rain, so they speedily made their way back towards the camp. Ash had returned Noctowl to its Pokeball, so going by memory they raced back.

In the morning Pikachu sat in silence as the humans packed up their camp and prepared to leave the forest. It was almost saddening to leave these woods. Pikachu felt that he had come to know them in a special way. They were already full of precious memories. But it was time to move on.

As he sat miserably by himself, Togepi waddled over and smiled brightly, asking if its best friend Pikachu wanted to play. The baby brought a sunny smile back to the mouse's face, and Pikachu soon cast aside his own troubles in favor of enjoying time with Togepi. They raced about, picked flowers, did anything fun. The morning passed quickly, and before they knew it Ash announced, "Okay everyone, let's get going!"

Instinctively Pikachu ran towards Ash and perched himself on the boy's shoulder.

Ash lovingly smiled at his friend. "Hey pal. Ready to move on? The next gym's waiting for us."

Pikachu felt a joyful burst of warmth in his soul at the thought. Together with Ash, battling, growing, learning, together, forging their future. That was where Pikachu's heart lay...at least for now. He knew one thing; he would forever love Ash, and even if the road ended for the two of them he would always cling to that love in his heart.

With a big smile Pikachu exclaimed, "Pi Pikachu!" Ash returned the sentiment. "All right! Let's go!"

The small group of friends journeyed on under the bluest of skies, the most golden of sunshine, and Pikachu took pleasure in smelling the clean air that gently blew into their faces. It felt like the world was beautiful all over again, and that there was something special waiting for him at the end of the road...

DEEP DEPTHS, FAR REACHING HIGH ABOVE

SHINING JEWELS SHOW MY LOVE

THEY SPARKLE WHITE AND PURE

THEIR BEAUTY'S MY ALLURE

BUT YET WITH ALL THEIR SPLENDOROUS LIGHT

THEY STILL PALE TO THE SIGHT

OF YOU, THE LOVE OF MY LIFE

MY SONG LASTS THROUGH THE NIGHT

BLACK NIGHT IS DEEP AND COLD,

AND THOUGH THE EVE GROW OLD

THE SUN SHALL FILL THE SKY

AND MY HEART WILL FLY

BE THERE WITH ME, FEEL MY LOVE

WE WILL SOAR HIGH ABOVE

AND SHINE LIKE THE SUN

UNTIL ALL TIME IS DONE

FLY NOW WITH ME, SOAR WITH ME

FLY WITH ME...

THE END

Afterword

There we go folks. I hope you enjoyed this tale of a Pikachu romance. It was just a funny idea I had after drawing a picture of Pichi. I know I'm not the best writer, but I can only do my best. Thank you for reading, please tell me your thoughts at SamGamgee1985@yahoo.com, and make sure you go and read the adventures written by [Kenta Macauttum](#). That person has some awesome Other Trainer stories, and I would highly recommend reading and reviewing them. Thanks!

Original Link:

[A PIKACHU IN LOVE \(thepokemontower.com\)](http://thepokemontower.com)

Something about me and why I made this file (!NOT WRITER OF THIS FIC!)

Hello I'm CastellanoZero and I created this document of this Pokemon fanfic because I had nothing better to do just a day after the Christmas Holidays 2021 during the 2nd year of Covid-19. I accidentally stumbled upon this relatively ancient Pokemon fanfic while browsing in TVTropes after a long time (I wanted to look up something about Idolmaster Xenoglossia and RobotxHuman pairings) and found it under Fanworks [Boy Meets Girl entry page](#) and hey [it even has it's own page](#).

The trivia listed „A Pikachu In Love“ as an [Unintentional Period Piece](#) and I thought it would be a shame if this story would be forever lost if [The Pokemon Tower](#) shuts down.

That is why I copied this story in Microsoft Word and edited the font (originally written in **Comic Sans**), character size and formatting, nothing in of the story contents were rewritten or altered in any kind of form by myself and neither had I ever contact with the author Golem-Gojira nor do own this work of fanfiction.

Lastly I made my new years resolution for 2022 to get into reading Fanfiction for real because the idea of to read a Pokemon fanfic doesn't make me convulse in mental pain from being an onlineperson for nearly over a decade and being active lurker on Social Media and seeing/hearing from a distance what staying in a fandom bubble does to people. Additionally I caught surface-level glimpses of the depravity on what people write/draw etc. and how they treat eachother, which is why I stayed away from any kind of written Fanworks until now. Heck maybe I manage to get over myself and be a active creator someday.

I am 25 and things like these shouldn't stop me into getting into things I might come to love and neither should it be the same for you, whoever is currently read this story and bothered to read through my personal ramblings right now.